UNDER THE WILLOWS.

BY ALINE PRIMROSE.

Down by the dear old mossy stream,
Where we played together under the willow trees,
Grew sweet wild flowers of every hue,
Gently breathing rich perfume on the wandering breeze.

We thought no place so bright and gay
As that familiar spot, where sunbeams could not peep,
And lazy butterflies reclined
On luxuriant beds of white clover—fast asleep.

The mocking birds from leafy realms,
Trilled sweetest melodies from their silver-lined throats,
While we sat on the mossy bank,
Sending across the crystal stream gay little boats.

Under the pale green willow trees,
Where we were free as the birds, and pleasures were rife,
You gave to me the promise true
That in years to come you would be my bonnie wife.

Ah! those were balmy, halcyon days,
When we played together by the rippling stream,
Dreaming the happy hours away,
Listening to the soft quivering notes of love's young dream.

DURHAM, N. C.

A NOVEL COURTSHIP.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

READING the fashion column, Miss Vane?"

"Indeed I am not."

"I thought——"

"That all girls are alike. Well, Mr. Gean Arnott, for once you are mistaken. I differ in many respects from the giddy-headed majority of my sex."

Viola Vane, pretty, petite, and just a trifle inclined to be pert, closed the literary and society journal she had been reading and turned her vivacious face and sparkling black eyes upon the handsome young man who stood before the rustic bench in the grounds surrounding her father's elegant mansion.

"I'm glad to learn that my opinion is not well founded."

"I received this paper two good hours ago," smiled the young lady, at the same time pointing to a vacant space on the bench beside her.

"I see. And you have already made the fashion department your own?"

"Entirely, and I've at last decided on the style of the new gown that father brought me from Paris, and that I never would have made up. Awfully nice, isn't it?"

"Decidedly. But what were you reading so interestedly?"

"The opening chapters—you won't laugh at me, I'm sure—the opening chapters of a new serial novel by Malcom Graeme, whoever he may be."

"And you like it?"

"Better than Rob Roy, with dashing Di Vernon, my favorite heroine."

"Tell me something about it, please."

"Gladys Rowland, the heroine, is a beautiful young lady with hosts of admirers. She likes them all, but has no idea of tying herself to any one of them."

"What did you say her name was?"

"Gladys Rowland. Why?"

"I thought it might have been Viola Vane."

"You have the hardihood to flatter me, have you?"

"Nothing could have been further from my thoughts. I had the unfortunate admirers in mind."

"Then you call me a coquette?"

The eyes of the little maiden were snapping with a suggestion of anger now.

"By no means. The fair Gladys is that, I trust?"

"N-n-o. She's exactly my ideal of a girl."

"And has she no preference?"

"Yes. She likes the artist the best of all, but will never marry him."

"And why not?"

"Because he is so persistent."

"Then you—I mean she—don't admire constancy?"

"Yes, we do, both of us, until it becomes obstinacy."

Gean Arnott winced a little at this reply, which was emphasized a little by a toss of the fair head of the speaker.

Gean was a young lawyer with a small practice, but a fine education, sterling common sense, and a determination to rise in his profession.

He had loved Viola Vane as long as he had known her, plus the twenty minutes he had been obliged to wait for an introduction. This had been over a year now, and all that time he had been a most ardent suitor for her hand.

More than once she had refused him, but always in a way that left him some ground to hope for ultimate success.

In this he was encouraged by the knowledge that, though he had twenty rivals, at least, no one of them was more favored than himself.

"Then you think she will not wed the artist?" queried he, after a momentary silence.

"I'm sure of it. She has too much character to marry any one."

"But this is a novel, and the principal attraction of that department of fiction is the mystery surrounding the denouement."

"True; but the author, who, notwithstanding the masculine nom de plume, must be a lady, writes so artistically, so absolutely true to nature, that the ending you suggest is simply impossible. She might cause her heroine to enter a convent, commit suicide, or even go on the stage, but, as for marrying——"

Volatile Viola Vane broke off suddenly, and completed the sentence with a light laugh and an incredulous shake of the head calculated to settle the point, and ring down the curtain upon the entire subject.

"Will you do me a great favor?" asked Gean.

"Gladly, provided it is not too great a one."

"You must judge. I want you to read to me the opening installment of this story, with its captivating heroine."

"Most willingly, only you must not expect any elocutionary effects."

With this the fair girl opened the journal, and in a well-modulated voice, instinct with feeling, proceeded to rebuke her own modest disclaimer of elocutionary ability by reading the three chapters in the highest style of art.

"You have not exaggerated your heroine," declared the young lawyer, enthusiastically, when the end was reached. "She is mine as well as yours. Only——"

"Well?"

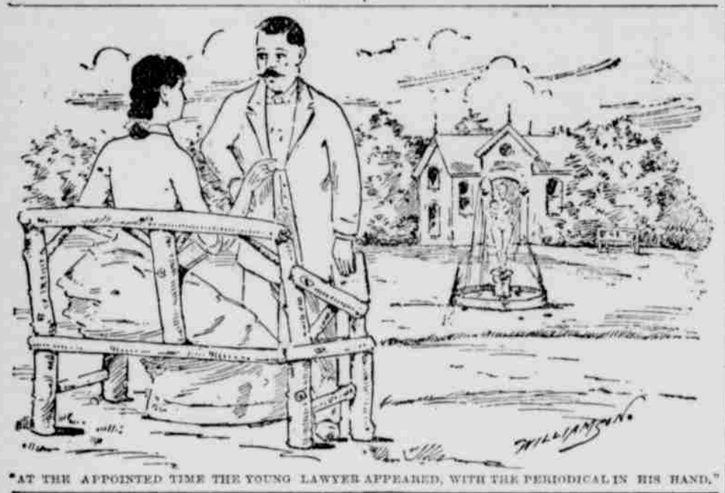
"Only I think she cannot find happiness in love and marriage."

"Nonsense!"

"And if the author is as true to nature as you think him—or her, rather—Miss Gladys will fall in love with the artist."

"She never will!" cried Viola, springing excitedly to her feet.

"I am quite confident that my judgment is correct."



"AT THE APPOINTED TIME THE YOUNG LAWYER APPEARED, WITH THE PERIODICAL IN HIS HAND."

"How can you be right when I know that you are wrong?"

The vivacious girl fairly snapped out this question, all the more unanswerable because bristling with true feminine logic.

Gean felt the force of it, and bowed in acknowledgment of the same.

"Then you admit it?" she asked, slightly mollified by his polite action.

"I acknowledge that you are right."

"Thank you."

"But at the same time I think circumstances might arise which would render me right, in which event neither of us would be wrong."

"That's an absurdity!"

"Not a bit of it. There is a vast deal of human nature in man, and in woman as well. I am bound to admit that at the close of the installment you have read me, Gladys seems incapable of loving the artist, yet three numbers more are to follow in which one of two things may develop."

"And they are?"

"Gladys may adopt new views or the artist may improve upon acquaintance, and awaken feelings and sentiments of which she has now no knowledge."

"Spare your eloquence! You are not addressing a jury."

"No, I'm arguing with the judge, and a very fair one, I must admit."

"I'll wager anything that she will marry the artist."

"Done! What shall be the penalty?"

"I will make my demand when the novel is completed."

"Agreed! I will do the same."

"But you won't win."

"That remains to be seen. Three weeks from to-day I will call with the very last number, which, with your kind permission, I will read to you. Until then, adieu."

At the appointed time the young lawyer appeared with the periodical in his hand.

He found Viola seated on the same rustic bench, awaiting his arrival.

"What of our fair heroine?" he asked, when he had returned her salutation and taken her proffered hand.

"Has she shown any disposition to accept the artist?" was her smiling counter-question.

"I'm sorry to say that she has not, but in the three chapters which remain she may relent. How about the artist?"

"To confess the truth, I rather like him. He reminds me of some one I have known, just who, I can't recall. If Gladys were other than the strong-willed, sensible girl she is, I would not feel so confident as I do of winning the wager. But let us proceed. I trust you have not read it by yourself."

"AT LENGTH THE VERY LAST PARAGRAPH WAS REACHED."

"I bought the very first copy I saw exposed for sale while on my way here. See, its pages are uncut."

"Without further delay, the young man began his task.

He read effectively, feelingly, and threw into the impassionate pleadings of the artist an earnestness that seemed to make them his own.

As for Viola, she sat like one entranced, and when, in the novel, tears glistened in the eyes of the fair heroine, they were duplicated in her own.

At length the very last paragraph was reached, and triumph mingled with hope in the voice of Gean Arnott as he read it.

"'I am yours,' murmured Gladys, 'I am cured of coquetry forever. I have learned at last that love is the secret of happiness.'"

As the tones of the reader's voice died away, something which sounded much like a sob blended with them.

"You have won the wager," said Viola. "What shall the penalty be?"

"That you repeat the confession of our heroine."

"Be it so," murmured Viola. "I made her my ideal and must share in her defeat. But tell me, Gean, how came this story to so reflect my character, feelings, thoughts, in fact?"

"It will not affect our wager?"

"No; that is decided. Viola's fate shall be mine."

"Then the mystery is easily explained. You have been wooed and won by a novel. In addition to writing declarations and talking to juries I sometimes scribble for the press. My *nom de plume* is Malcom Graeme."

Mr. Edwin Booth's First Experience as a Manager.

Mr. Edwin Booth, the eminent tragedian, is credited with the following experience: "About my first experience as a manager," said Mr. Booth, was in the year 1854. I and four others were on our way to Australia to fill a professional engagement. Two of the party were D. C. Anderson and his wife. We were in a slow old sailing ship, and we were compelled to stop at the Sandwich Islands for supplies and to make some repairs to the ship. We found, to our surprise, that Honolulu had a rude sort of theater, and as we were to be detained there for several days we thought we might earn a few dollars by giving performances.

"We determined to give 'Richard III.,' and I was elected manager. Now, the full strength of the company was exactly five, and there are about twenty-five parts in the tragedy, as you know, to say nothing of the lords and ladies of the court, citizens, murderers, messengers, and the two armies of Gloster and Richmond. So you can understand that the manager had no easy task of it. I was to play Richard, and by an ingenious scheme of doubling up, by which each of the others were to play at least two parts, we managed to arrange for some sort of a performance until I suddenly discovered that I had no Lady Anne. Mrs. Anderson was the only lady in our company, and she had to do two parts—the Duchess of York and Elizabeth.

"I was almost in despair until I learned that there was a white man in the town who, as I was told, had once been an actor in a humble way and would be glad to help us out, and that as he was an undersized man he might do to dress up as a woman. So I sent for him.

"He was about four feet high, a stumpy fellow with bandy legs, cross-eyed, and with all his front teeth gone. He chewed tobacco furiously, and he spoke with a strong German accent. His only knowledge of the stage proved to have come from once working as a 'grip' behind the scenes of some theater in 'the States.'

"I shall never forget that performance of 'Richard III.' Its like was never seen before nor since. The two English armies were of course made up of native Sandwich Islanders, and to see the followers of Richard and of Richmond fighting the battle of Bosworth field in burnt cork was something 'never before attempted on any stage.'

"But the Lady Anne! I regret to say that her appearance when made up was something worse than grotesque. If she had been homely in man's attire she was hideous in skirts, and when I had to make ardent love to her as—

"'Sweet saint!'—'divine perfection of a woman fairer than tongue can name thee,' and tell her of her 'beauty which did haunt me in my sleep,' I thought I should burst with mortification, for her bandy-legged waddle, her cross-eyed leer, her toothless mouth and her German accent was something indescribable. And, horror of horrors, while she stood moaning at her dead husband's bier, her ladyship had broken her solemn pledge and was actually chewing tobacco!"

A Wearisome Subject.

People who are completely absorbed in their own own personality make the grave error of supposing that the subject of which they never tire is equally interesting to others; hence, if they "enjoy poor health," it is their habit to give effusive descriptions of numerous aches and pains to whomsoever they meet. Now, illness, of all things in the world, is the least interesting, and even in one's own family soon becomes tiresome. Sympathy called upon too often becomes to a certain degree lessened. We can each recall too many people who make bodily ills the stock subject for conversation in and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their minute recital. We ought not to ignore real illness and expect it to leave or pass by us because of our non-recognition, but we need not draw the shadow of disease about our family gatherings and gala days by describing every little pain that has wearied us.

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and controls them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.

BIG MOUTH JIM'S LOVE.

DOWN along the old Spoon River, where the corn grows mighty tall,
An' the farmers have to hustle fer to pick an' crib it all;
Where the pumpkins are the biggest an' the cider crop is prime,
An' the home life is the snuggest that was ever praised in rhyme;
Where the farms grow rank with everything that's fitten fer to eat,
From the apples in the orchard to the wavin' fields o' wheat;
Where peace an' plenty sets around a-singin' of a hymn,
There come in early spring a class called Big-Mouth Jim.

He wasn't good to look at; he was uglier 'n sin;
His jaws protruded fearful an' his cheeks was all sunk in;
His chin was like a dagger an' his nose was long an' hooked;
His ears was big an' droopy, like a cabbage-leaf that's cooked;
His hair was sandy-colored, an' it never would lay down,
But his mouth—that was the wonder of all Wyoming town;
An' when he opened it to laugh it showed up mighty grim,
Which was why the people shied him up with "Big-Mouth Jim."

He went to work at Thomas', just down the southwest road,
An' no one ever saw a chap so willin' fer to load
Hisself with others' burdens, an' he never seemed to mind
The way the others worked him while they lagged along behind;

An' when the day was ended an' the field work all was done
He stabled all the hosses and he fed 'em, every one;
An' then he'd milk an' do the chores with hunger rackin' him,
An' eat cold grub an' crawl to bed, would Big-Mouth Jim.

You know how that thing works, o' course; I reckon 'at you've heard
About the way the willin' hoss is hustled on an' spurred,
An' made to do three times as much as him 'at just hangs back
An' stid of pullin' steddy lets the tugs git sorter slack?
Well, that's the way it was with Jim; young Thomas seemed to think
He needed slathers of hard work an' little eat or drink;
So Jim worked mighty late at night an' in the mornin' clim
Out of his bunk afore the rest, did Big-Mouth Jim.

He never seemed to mind it an' he never made no fuss
Nor kicked fer higher wages as was reg'lar like with us;
An' so we got to dev'lin' him, made bleeve onct he was sick
An' dosed him with hoss medicine, a cupful at a lick;
An' then we sneaked his Sunday shoes an' spiked 'em to the floor
An' spoiled 'em so they wouldn't keep out water any more,
We sprinkled sand-burrs in his bed—his sleep that night was slim—
Oh, we made it mighty jocular fer Big-Mouth Jim.

An' all this time he never got riled up or said a word;
He seemed as sunny-tempered as a chirpin' woodland bird;
But when we grabbed his Sunday hat an' jabbed it full of holes
He smiled so sorter sickly like it acted like hot coals
On me an' I let up on him, but Thomas didn't care;
He hunted up some smellin' stuff that wouldn't take a dare
From any skunk 'at ever lived an' smuggled it to Tim,
Who spilled it accidentally on Big-Mouth Jim.

Nobody couldn't stand him near fer party nigh a week,
An' when he showed up fer his grub all us boys took a sneak;
The clothes was buried by the barn an' Jim went 'bout his work,
Which all this time kep' growin', but he never was no shirk,
An' took it jest as cheerful as the measley jokes we played.
An' tho' never was an instance of a single kick he made;
He was full of ripe good nature an' of kindness to the brim,
An' he couldn' parently git mad, this Big-Mouth Jim.

But one day young Bill Thomas—he was mighty mean an' low—
Was ornerier'n ever an' he had to up an' go
An' slap his cousin Jennie durin' dinner-time when Jim
Was eatin'—have you ever seen a cat jump from a limb?
Well, then you know how Jim he jumped and grabbed his boss' throat,
An' then he stood an' shook him till he couldn't pipe a note;

An' when the rascal turned to fight he jest lambasted him
An' used him up most scandalous, did Big-Mouth Jim.

The fun of the whole bizness was that old man Thomas swore
That Jim was right in all he did, an' wouldn't bounce him, nor
Allow him to be put upon or bullyragged agin;
But perfection wasn't needed, for nobody cared to win
Distinction as the second man as Big-Mouth had licked;
So Jim went on a-workin' like before he ever kicked
An' everybody stood in awe an' much respected him,
An the world begin to brighten up for Big-Mouth Jim.

Then one day ol' Mis' Thomas, who was watchin' things quite sly,
Give Jim a kind o' gentle hint—a twinkle in her eye—
An' Jim, who hadn't never hoped to have a word to say,
Was made to sorter realize his love wa'n't throwed away;
He couldn't scarce believe it, but he braced his nerve and went
To Jennie, an' he told her how he loved her, all content
To jest say nothin', an' be round where she might smile on him,
But now he hoped she'd be the wife of Big-Mouth Jim.

An' Jennie—well, if you're a man, you know how women are;
When love's weighed in the balance they ain't lookin' very far
Fer fancy togs an' beauty—what they want's a a good plain man;
They ain't a-feedin' mary fault with Nature's general plan.
The rest of it all happened like a story or a play;
The weddin' was all reg'lar in the good old-fashioned way,

An' when the feast was over an' the lamps was burnin' dim,
Old Thomas sprung a big surprise on Big-Mouth Jim,

He told how Jennie's parents had both died when she was small,
An' how they left to him in trust for her their farm an' all;
An' how she was of age that day an' he allowed 'at she
Would henceforth need the title deeds to all her property;
Well, Jim was all kerflummuxed like, but Jennie simply took
The deeds an' give 'em to him with a mighty meltin' look.
They settled down quite cozy like, their cup filled to the brim,
An' love has showered blessings down on Big-Mouth Jim.
—*Chicago Times.*

Keep Cool.

KEEP cool. And by that I mean, don't be getting angry and losing your temper and head at the same time. I have figured it out that worry kills more men, causes more gray hair to show itself and produces more wrinkles on men's faces than base-ball, taxes, and politics.

Life is too short and people should be too busy to get angry. If a man calls me a liar I naturally would be inclined to fight, but my philosophy comes to my rescue. In the first place, if I deny his statement he may be inclined to back it up with his fists, and I may be whipped. In the second place, I am a liar or I am not. The assertion that I am one does not alter the facts in the case. If I have told a lie, I am a liar and it is poor policy to be averse to having the truth told to me. If I have not told a lie, then the assertion of the man that I am a liar is false, and the man himself is what he was pleased to call me. Engaging in brawl will not determine the truth of the matter, no difference whether I am the victor or not. Then, as I said, there is always the possibility that I may be whipped.

It is hard on your clothes, your eyes, and your religion to be ill-tempered. You lose half the enjoyment of life, and go hunting around to find something you would be better off without. The history of the world shows that few really great men were in the habit of getting mad and smashing things, and those few would have been greater men if they had been more smooth-tempered.

I admire the man who can knock the ruffian down, or kick at being imposed on, and still maintain an unruffled exterior. Such a man impresses one as being truly great, and at the same time one who thoroughly enjoys life. He gets the best of everything, and has more friends than he can count. His wife and children are like him, and nothing disturbs the even tenor of his life.

When a man is mad he will do more damage in a minute than he can repair in a month, and will make his friends and relatives see what a weak and silly fellow he is after all. He fumes and frets, is always busy, and is exceptionally likely to be mad at meal time. He would be provoked at receiving a pension, and the greeting of Saint Peter will not suit him. It is a habit, and completely controls him.

But the habit of being provoked at trifles can be overcome, and thrice blessed is the man who never gets mad.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Indians.

A writer in the *Century*, who has no faith in the Indian schools, and who ignores facts well known to persons who have taken an interest in the Indian question, says:

If anything is done to relieve the condition of the Indian tribes it must be a scheme which begins at the bottom and takes the "whole outfit," as a Western man would say, in its scope. If these measures of relief are at all tardy, before we realize it the wild Indian tribes will be, as some writer has said, "loafers and outcasts contending with the dogs for kitchen scraps in Western villages." They have all raised stock successfully when not interfered with or not forced by insufficient rations to eat up their stock cattle to appease their hunger, and I have never heard that Indians were not made of soldier stuff.

A great many Western garrisons have their corps of Indian scouts. In every case they prove efficient. They are naturally the finest irregular cavalry on the face of this globe, and with an organization similar to the Russian Cossacks, they would do the United States great good and become gradually civilized. An irregular cavalry is every year a more and more important branch of the service. Any good cavalry officer could, I believe, take a command of Indians and ride around the world without having a piece of bacon, or a cartridge, or a horse issued by his Government. So far as effective police work in the West is concerned, the corps of Indian scouts do nearly all of that service now. They all like to be enlisted into the service, universally obey orders, and are never disloyal.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.

GAINING ground—The successful real estate man.

THE proprietor of a crematory is dependent upon his urnings.

LANDLADY—How do you like your eggs? New boarder—Fresh.

"AZURE cure for the blues" sounds rather cerulean as well as paradoxical.

HE—Darling, will you love when I'm gone? She—Yes; if you are not too far gone.

WHO can give us the name and address of the shoemaker that first tried to cobble stones?

REPUBLICS were ever ungrateful. We put our great men on postage stamps, and then punch their heads.

AN old maid said she wished she was an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper to say, "Make me an offer."

A WRITER takes a whole column in a newspaper to tell "What We Drink," while another has simply to wink at the bartender.

ED—My grandfather died to-night. Al—And I suppose you will have to pay for the funeral? Ed—Oh, no, the city pays the expenses; grandpa was hung.

MRS. SHAW, the whistler, separated from her husband a few years ago and earns her own living. We suppose she asked him for money and he said she might whistle for it, so she did.

AN old man of our acquaintance says he was born at the wrong time. "When I was young," he says, "young men were of no account, and now that I am old, old men are of no account."

"YES, sah," said Maj. Riffle, "the Kentuckians are a courageous set of men, sah. Brave and self-reliant in any peril." "That's very true," replied Billy Bliven. "I never knew one of them to take water."

WOMAN (to tramp)—Want something to eat, eh? Well, here's some cold hash. Tramp—But I haven't got anything to eat it with. Woman—Just keep on a little further and you'll find a fork in the road.

JIMSON—Great heavens! old man, what have you been doing with yourself? Why, you're covered with mud from head to foot! Wilson—I dined in a Bowery restaurant, and a waiter upset a cup of coffee on me.

NEPHEW (trying to make a good impression)—Uncle, this port is excellent. Uncle—Well I should think so; it is fifty years old. Nephew—By Jove, you don't say so! What a superb wine it must have been once!

MR. GALL—I wonder what you were dreaming about last night? You reached out and patted the marble top of the table and smiled. Mrs. Gall—Oh, I remember now. I dreamed I was patting you on the cheek.

GILDED youth (to charming young lady whom he meets on the cars)—Aw, good morning, Miss Dasher. Glad to meet you. We do not see as much of you now as we did when we were at the beach for the bathing.

"WHAT's the matter, Eddie?" "Willie Thomas has gone and moved out of this street, boo-hoo." "Well, don't cry; there are plenty of other little boys in the neighborhood to play with." "Y-e-s, -u-t he's the o-n-l-y one I could l-i-c-k."

DISENCHANTMENT.

While we gaze in admiration
On a sweet and radiant lass,
And think only sweetest music
Through those coral lips can pass.
We're awfully shocked to see her
Down the garden pathway stride,
And hear her cry, "Say, Johnnie come in,
Or mother will tan your hide!"

MRS. WICKWIRE—If woman were given the credit she deserves, I don't think man would be quite as prominent in the world's hisrory. Mr. Wickwire—I guess you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse.

WHERE he put his faith: Long-suffering Wife—How do you expect a woman to provide vittals and drink when you don't bring home no cash Saturday night? Husband—Why, M'rier, the grocer and the butcher ain't moved, has they?

NERVOUS Gentleman—Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And mind you pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful steam cars. Cabby—Never fear, sir, I'll do my best. And which 'orspital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?

A COOLER ON THE SEA SHORE.

Miss Boston—"You will please excuse me, Mr. Schraubstader; I believe mother is calling me."

Mr. Schraubstader—"Why certainly, with pleasure."—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Professional Hitch.

A middle-aged farmer came to a young Vermont minister the other day and said: "Parson, I don't want to trouble ye too much, but I wish ye'd tie the knot for me and 'Lizebeth over again."

"Why so?" asked the young man. "Weren't you legally married before?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply, "but 'twas done by a justice of the peace and was a kinder cheap job. I'd be willin' to pay two dollars for a ginooine perfeshional hitch."—*Burlington Free Press.*

IN all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction or malformation had been trained away.

THE childish miss resents a kiss and runs the other way, but when at last some years have passed, it's different they say.